LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the London Daily News.

The Three Preachers.

There are three preachers ever preaching,
Each with eloquence and power;
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite;
And he preacheth every hour,
With a shrill, fanatic voice,
And a bigot's fiery scorn;
"Backward, ye presumptuous nations—
Man to misery is born!
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer,
Born to labor and to pray;
Priests and Kings are God's Vicegerents,
Man must worship and obey;
Backward, ye presumptuous nations—
Back, be humble, and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher,
Soft he talks, as if he sung;
Sleek and slothful is his look,
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from his tongue.
With an air of self-content,
High he lifts his fair white hand—
"Stand ye still, ye restless nations,
And be happy all ye lands!
Earth was made by one Almighty,
And to meddle is to mar;
Change is rash, and ever was so—
We are happy as we are:
Stand ye still, ye restless nations,
And be happy as ye are."

Mightier is the younger preacher—
Genius flashes from his eyes,
And the crowds who hear his voice,
Give him, while their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies.
Awed they listen, yet elated,
While his stirring accents fall.
"Forward, ye deluded nations,
Progress is the rule of all;
Man was made for healthful effort;
Tyranny has crushed him long—
He shall march from good to better,
Nor be patient under Wrong;
Forward, ye awakened nations,
And do battle with the Wrong.

"Standing still is childish folly,
Going backward is a crime;
None should patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure—
Onward! keep the march of Time—
Onward, while a Wrong remains
To be conquered by the Right;
While Oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason,
While a sorrow gnaws the heart,
While a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part.
Forward, ye awakened nations!
Action is the people's part.

"Onward; there are ills to conquer,
Ills that on yourselves you've brought;
There is wisdom to discern,
There is temperance to learn,
And enfranchisement for thought;
Hopeless Poverty and Toil
May be conquered, if you try;
Vice, and Wretchedness, and Famine,
Give Beneficence the lie.
Onward! onward! and subdue them!
Root them out, their day has passed;
Goodness is alone immortal—
Evil was not made to last.
Forward, ye awakened people,
And your sorrows shall not last."

And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world—
Tyranny has curbed its pride,
Errors that were defied,
Into darkness have been hurled!
Slavery and Liberty
And the Wrong and Right have met,
To decide their ancient quarrel.
Onward, preacher—onward yet!
There are pens to tell your progress,
There are eyes that pine to read;
There are hearts that pine to aid you,
There are arms in hour of need.
Onward, preacher! onward, nations!
WILL must ripen into DEED.

Chief Delicacies of the Hawaiians.

The principal food of the lower classes of the population and, in fact, the favorite food of all classes, is *poi*, which deserves especial notice, as exacting from the natives in its preparation, a degree of labor, attention, and diligence which would alone entitle them to be reckoned as industrious. It is a sort of paste made from the root of the *kalo*, (arum esculentum,) a water plant, cultivated to a great extent throughout all the islands. The root in question much resembles the beet, excepting that it is not red but brown. It is reared in small enclosures, which, with great care and labor, are embanked all round, and constantly covered with six or eight inches of water; for, like rice, the kalo will not flourish in dry land. To ensure a regular supply of the requisite element streams are brought in aqueducts from the hills, and subdivided into a variety of tiny canals; while each canal feeds a certain number of patches, communicating with each other by means of sluices. On certain days, perhaps once or twice a week, the sluices are opened, and the patches of the system are overflowed, so that the water is prevented from becoming stagnant; a precaution which, besides its fertilizing effects, is necessary for warding off fevers and other maladies in a climate so warm and so free from storms. But, not contented with mere utility, the natives, after all the labor of cultivation and irrigation, often contrive to render the patches in question ornamental. In the neighborhood of Honolulu, where the kalo is grown to a great extent, the patches are surrounded by a low wall, which is lined with various shrubs and trees, such as the sugar-cane, the banana, and the drooping pandanus, which thrive well in so cool and moist a situation; while the broad, arrow-headed leaves of the kalo are, in themselves, not unpleasing to the eye. The kalo is much used by the foreign residents as a substitute for potatoes, or rather for bread, being for this purpose either boiled or fried. But, in this case, as in most cases of the kind, the native method of proceeding is the best. A hole dug in the ground receives, first, some red-hot stones, then a covering of leaves of the plant, thirdly, the root, in layers, fourthly, another covering of leaves, and lastly, a sufficient quantity of earth to exclude the air and confine the steam.—After a few hours your kalo is baked, and may either be eaten whole, just as if fried or boiled, or elaborated into *poi*. The preparation of this dish exacts fully as much care and toil as the growth of the raw material. After being cooked in the way just described the root is beaten into a paste, with such an expenditure of labor that the task is always assigned to the men. This paste, which is of a bluish color, is invariably put aside to ferment. When it has become sour it is then fit for use; and then to see the natives eat it, or to hear them speak of it, one cannot but conclude that, in their estimation, it is the greatest luxury in the world. The passion for *poi* pervades all classes, from the king downwards; and the chiefs make no secret of the fact that, after dining with foreigners on the collected dainties of both hemispheres, they take a little *poi* at home, by way, as they express it, of filling up the corners. Nor is the taste for this delicacy altogether peculiar to the natives. Though white papas and mammas rather frown upon it, as something naughty and barbarous, yet white masters and misses are generally wayward enough to exhibit an extraordinary love for the forbidden fruit, wherever and whenever it falls in their way. At regular meals, however, *poi* is never eaten alone, at least when the party interested can afford any addition. Happy as an emperor is he who can flank his gourd of *poi* with a bone of pork.—Squatting himself between the two candidates for his favor with as much glee as if the whole of the animal and vegetable kingdoms were his private property, he siezes the bone with one hand, and makes ready the other for an attack on the gourd. With a dexterity which ought to put civilization, with all its clumsy equipage of knives and spoons, to the blush, our enviable friend bites off the smallest possible flavor of the pork, and then plunging two fingers into the *poi* juggles, as it were, into his mouth, by means of a knowing jerk of the wrist, as much sour paste as would make three or four spoonfulls, even for the hungriest European. Another bite and, another gulph; and "again, again, again, and the havoc does not slack," till the performer is constrained by dire necessity to desist for want of room, and to resign himself, like the boa-constrictor, after dining on a bullock, into the arms of Morpheus.—*Simpson's Overland Journey Round the World.*

Curious Funguses.

Some, like AG. MAMMOSUS, have a teat; others, like the AG. CLYPEOLARIUS, are umbonated at their centre; these are stilted upon a high leg; and those have not a leg to stand on; some are shell-shaped; many bell-shaped; and some hang upon their stalks like a lawyer's wig; some assume the form of the horse's hoof; others of a goat's beard; the PHALLUS IMPUDICUS is the very thing he calls himself; in the CLATHRUS CANCELLATUS you look into the fungus through a thick red trellis which surrounds it. Some exhibit a nest in which they rear their young, and, not to speak of those vague shapes,

"If shapes they can be called, that shape have none
Determinate."

of such tree parasites as are fain to mould themselves at the will of their entertainer, (the fate of parasites, whether under oak or mahogany,) mention may be made of two, of which the forms are at once singular and constant; one exactly like an ear, and given for some good reason to Judas, (AURICULA JUDAE,) clings to several trees, and trembles when you touch it; the other, which lolls out from the bark of chestnut trees, (LINGUA DE CASTAGNA,) is so like a tongue in shape and general appearance that, in the days of enchanted trees, you would not have cut it off to pickle or to eat on any account, lest the knight to whom it belonged, should afterwards come to claim it of you. The above are amongst the most remarkable of the many Protean forms assumed by funguses; as to their colors, we find in one genus only, species which correspond to every hue! The AG. COESAREUS; the AG. MUSCARIUS, the AG. SANGUINEUS assume the imperial purple; the AG. VIOLACEUS a beautiful violet; the AG. SULPHUREUS a bright yellow; the AG. ADUSTUS a dingy black; the AG. EXQUISITUS, and many others a milk white; whilst the AG. VIRESCENS takes that which, in this class of plants, is the rarest of all to meet with, a pale green color; the upper surface of some is zoned with concentric circles of different hues; sometimes it is spotted, at other times of an uniform tint, the bonnets of some shine as if they were sprinkled with MICA; these have a rich velvety, those a smooth and kid-like covering stretched over them; some PILEI are imbricated with brown scales; some flocked with white shreds of membrane; and some are stained with various colored milks secreted from within.—*Dr. Badham's Esculent Funguses.*

A Hint to Dyspeptics.

A life of labor, no doubt, will make the sorriest fare sit more lightly on the healthy stomach than the most dainty viands which have been recived into an organ that is weakened and goaded by a life of dissipation and excess; but this does not prove sorry fare to be more wholesome than that of a richer kind. No! Dyspepsia is a disease of the rich: not because they live upon the fat of the land, but plainly because they indulge in too large a quantity at a meal. Let the peasant and the lord change places for a week; place the healthy rustic at the rich man's table, and Dives again at the other board, what would be the results to both? Would the poor man, think you, find indigestion in ragout, fricassees, truffles, with light wine, *ad libitum*, to drink with them? And would not the rich man find that the fat pork and hard beer were worse poison than any of the made-dishes against which he had been so lavish of his blame? In general, no doubt, to be "the happiest of mortals—to digest well," (Voltaire,) men should look more to the quantum, and less to the quale, of what they eat; but they should pay some attention to this too.—*Dr. Badhnm's Esculent Funguses.*

Saul and the Witch of Endor.

Saul cast about for direction, under the impulse of great perplexity and terror, but found that all the ordinary and established channels of communication with Heaven were shut against him; and in the spirit of that distempered superstitiousness by which he was so remarkably characterized, and with his accustomed inconsistency, he sought after those who had familiar spirits, whom he aforetime sought to destroy and put out of the kingdom. My whole inclination is towards the literalities of the story that God did raise Samuel on the incantations of her who had the familiar spirit being performed, and that a real converse took place between him and Saul. There can obvious explanations be offered for her discovery of Saul and the accompanying cry of alarm, and of also Saul's question as to the form of the apparition, without adopting the conception of Matthew Henry and others. I think it very impressive when Samuel complains of having been disquieted, and when he tells Saul that he and his sons should be with him to-morrow—all in harmony with the doctrine of an intermediate Hades, where the disembodied spirits of men dwell till the day of resurrection. It is a dark passage in the history of poor Saul, with the fears and distresses of whose troubled soul one cannot help sympathizing. But, on the whole, we think it a sound Christian philosophy to understand the narrative just as it is set before us.—*Dr. Chalmers' Daily Scripture Readings.*

Sheridan's Compliment to Gibbon.

In referring to one crime of Hastings he made an allusion to the great historian of the age. Gibbon was present, and in his *Memoirs* has recorded the pleasure he experienced in receiving such a compliment before all that was great and noble in the nation. "Not in the annals of Tacitus," said Sheridan, "not on the *luminous* page of Gibbon, could be found described such a monstrous act of cruelty and treachery." At the conclusion of the speech he sunk back in the arms of Burke, as if overcome with fatigue and emotion. One of his prosaic Whig friends came up to him and said, "why, Sherry, did you compliment that Tory, Gibbon, with the epithet *luminous*?" "I said *vo-luminous*," answered Sheridan, in a hoarse whisper.

Stays were quite unknown in Russia when Peter the Great danced with some of the Hanoverian ladies, on his journey to Pomerania. Quite astounded, the monarch exclaimed to his suite, after the ball, "what confoundedly hard bones these German women have."

Expansive Power of Vegetable Growth.

Soft and yielding as vegetable structures appear to the touch, the expansive force of of their growth is almost beyond calculation. The effects of this power, of which the experience of every one will furnish him with some instances, are, perhaps, nowhere more strikingly exemplified than amidst the ruins of its own creation. Coeval with many old brick fabrics of earlier times, perhaps imbedded in the very mortar which holds them together, it may lurk there for centuries in quiescence, till, once arousing its energies, it continues to exert them in ceaseless activity ever after. It has at Rome planted its pink Valerians on her highest towers, and its wild fig-tree in the breaches of her walls; nor are the granite obelisks of her piazzas, nor the classic groups in marble on her Quirinal mount, entirely exempt from its encroachments. A conspiracy of plants, *one hundred strong*, have long ago planned the destruction of the Colosseum. Their undermining process advances each year, and neither iron nor new brickwork can arrest it long. That old Roman cement, which the barbarians gave up as impracticable, and the pick-axe of the Barberini had but begun to disintegrate, will, ere the lapse of another century, be effectually pulled to pieces by the rending arm of vegetation. Here, as erst in Juvenal's time, the Mala ficus finds no walls too strong to rive asunder, no tower beyond the reach of its scaling; no monument too sacred for it to touch. In the class of plants immediately under consideration, while the expansive effort of growth is equal to what it is in other cases, its effects are far more startling from their suddenness. Mons. Bulliard (to cite one or two instances out of a great many) relates that, on placing a Phallus impudicus within a glass vessel, the plant expanded so rapidly as to shiver its sides with an explosive detonation as loud as that of a pistol. Dr. Carpenter, in his elements of Physiology, mentions that "in the neighborhood of Basingstoke, a paving-stone, measuring twenty-one inches square, and weighing eighty-three pounds, was completely raised an inch-and-a-half out of its bed by a mass of toad-stools, of from six to seven inches in diameter, and that nearly the whole pavement of the town suffered displacement from the same cause." A friend has seen a crop of puff-balls raise large flag-stones considerably above the plane of their original level; and I have myself recently witnessed an extensive displacement of the pegs of a wooden pavement, which had been driven nine inches into the ground, but were heaved up irregularly, in several places, by small boquets of Agarics growing from below.—*Dr. Badham's Esculent Funguses.*

The Cup of Cold Water.

A young Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed, perhaps, on the walls; and you know that when a soldier is on guard he must not leave his post until he is relieved, that is, till another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water, and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived, on the night of the massacre, to save this young Englishwoman, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in were killed!

The Tyranny of Fashion.

England would be greater without her fashionable slavery. One would think that, in order to buy their liberty in the gross, the English make themselves slaves in detail—slaves to fashion. The Queen, powerless among her people, is an autocrat in her Court. What brings so many English families to the continent? Various motives, no doubt; but frequently the fear of not being able to shine in England as much as their equals. There is a tendency among certain Englishmen to estimate a man, not by his intrinsic qualities, by his intellectual or moral worth, but by his fortune and his rank. Wealth is with them the chief of merits; and when they wish to know a man's standing in society they ask, "What is he worth?"—*D'Aubigne's "England."*

The following is the solitary *bon mot* of the late French Revolution, and we give it, though we doubt its justice:—M. Hyde de Neuville being asked what he thought of Lamartine, replied, "Qu'il avait l'air d'un incendiaire qui s'est fait pompier," (he resembles an incendiary turned fireman.)—*Atlas.*

Song of the Peasant Wife.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

COME, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow;
You were kind to me once; will you frown on on me now?
Shall the storm settle here when from Heaven it departs,
And the cold from without find its way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no! surely the wintriest weather
Is easily borne while we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through, from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door,
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in love's early day?
No, Patrick, no! surely the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne, if we bear it together!

When you stole out to woo me, when labor was done,
And the day that was closing to us seem'd begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
No, Patrick! we talked, while we braved the wild weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky;
Oh! let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,
And, sunshine or storm, we will bear it together.

Haydn and Mrs. Billington.

Every real lover of music must like Haydn's expressions to Reynolds when shown the picture of Mrs. Billington: 'Yes, like, very like, but you've made a sad mistake!' 'How?' 'You've made her *listening to the angels*; you should have made *the angels listening to her*.' Mrs. Billington sprang up, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

Confidence in the People.

When the revolutionists who won the Republic for France had forced their way into the Palais Royal, and had reached the apartments of Gen. Athalin, one of Louis Phillippe's aides-de-camp, they encountered the general's lady, a woman of dignified deportment and stature, whom the general had espoused for her rare beauty, being but the daughter of a poor fisherman of Granville. "My friends," she exclaimed, "I trust you have not come here to offer any injury to myself or my husband. I am not one of your *fine ladies* but a *daughter of the people;* I throw myself then confidently on your protection. But I will not leave my husband; he is confined to his bed by illness." The band were struck with the boldness of the appeal. They repaired to the general's chamber, placed him in an arm chair, and, headed by this *daughter of the people*, they conveyed him to a friend's house in the neighborhood. On reaching his destination the General recollected leaving a sum of 130,000f. (£5,200) in notes and gold in his desk. He handed the key of the desk to a workingman in a blouse, whom he did not know. An hour after, the man returned with every sous of the money. This is by no means a solitary instance of the disinterestedness and nobility of mind displayed by the people during these most glorious three days.

Mushrooms.

There is scarcely any one in England who does not feel himself competent to decide on the genuineness of a mushroom; its pink gills are carefully separated from those of a kindred fungus *A. Georgii*, which are of a flesh-colored gray, and out of the pickings of ten thousand hands, a mistake is of rare occurrence; and yet no fungus presents itself under such a variety of forms, of such singular diversities of aspect! The inference is plain: less discrimination than that employed to distinguish this would enable any who should take the trouble to recognize at a glance many of those esculent species which every spring and autumn fill our plantations and pastures with plenteousness. Neither is this left to be a mere matter of inference: it is corroborated in a singular manner by what takes place at Rome. Here, whilst many hundred baskets of what we call toad-stools are carried home for the table, almost the only one condemned to be thrown into the Tiber, by the inspector of the fungus-market, is our own mushroom; indeed, in such dread is this held in the Papal States, that no one knowingly would touch it. "It is reckoned one of their fiercest imprecations," writes Professor Sanguinetti, "amongst our lower orders, infamous for the horrible nature of their oaths, to pray that any one may die of a *Prataoli;*" and although it has been some years registered among the esculent funguses of Milan and Pavia, (on the authority of Vittadini,) it has not yet found its way into those markets.—*Dr. Badham's Esculent Funguses.*

How Indulgence Fosters Selfishness.

It is selfishness on the part of parents which gives rise to undue indulgence of children—the selfishness of sacrificing those for whom they care less, to those for whom they care more; and the selfishness of the parent for the child will invariably produce selfishness in the child for himself. A spoilt child is never generous. And selfiseness is induced in a child, not only by too much indulgence, but even by too much attention. It will be most for a child's happiness and well-being, both present and to come, that he should feel himself, in respect to comforts and enjoyments, the most insignificant person in the house. In that case he will have his own resources, which will be more available to him than any which perpetual attention can minister; he will be subject to fewer discontents; and his affections will be more cultivated by the occasional tokens of kindness which a contented child will naturally receive in sufficient abundance, than they would be by continual endeavors to make them happy. And if continual attention to making them happy will not produce happiness, neither will continual attention to making him good produce goodness. For if the child feels that there is some one incessantly occupied with his happiness and goodness, he will come to be incessantly occupied with himself.—*Notes from Life.*

Right is Might.

Though the strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks, yet the Lord was not in the strong wind. Nor was he in the earthquake; nor was he in the fire. In what then was he? In the still small voice; and this is one of its holy utterances—*Right is Might.* As sure as God liveth—as sure as the Holy one of Israel is the Lord of hosts, the Almighty—right is might. Meekness is might, Patience is might. Humility is might. Self-denial and self-sacrifice are might. Faith is might. Love is might. Every gift of the Spirit is might. The cross was two pieces of wood; and a helpless, unresisting Man was nailed to it; yet it was mightier than the world, and triumphed, and will ever triumph, over it. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but no pure, holy deed, or word or thought. On the other hand, might—that which the children of earth call so, the strong wind, the earthquake, the fire—perishes through its own violence, self-exhausted and self-consumed; as our age of the world has been allowed to witness in the most signal example. For many of us remember, and they who do hot have heard from their fathers, how the mightiest man on earth, he who had girt himself with all might, except that of right, burst like a tempest-cloud, burnt himself out like a conflagration, and only left the scars of his ravages to mark where he had been. Who among you can look into an infant's face, and not see a power in it mightier than all the armies of Attila or Napoleon?—*Archdeacon Hare's Mission of the Comforter.*

The Sword of Ney.

On the morning of Thursday, the 24th February, a band of insurgents, in search of arms, visited the residence of the Duke d'Elchingen. The duke was absent, and the duchess was alone. "We come for arms," cried the group. "Take them," said her grace, pointing to some swords and fire-arms. "And that one?" said a citizen pointing to a sword left suspended on the wall. "That sword," she replied, "belonged to my father-in-law. 'Tis the sword of Marshal Ney. Do not, pray, deprive me of that. The people always respected it." The men were moved, and taking down the weapon, they all kissed it with emotion, and placing it in the hands of Madame d'Elchingen, they bowed and withdrew.

Luther and the Birds.

With the birds of his native country he had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and thus moralizing over their habits: "That little fellow," he said of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and *leaving* God to think for him."

Cautious indeed should we be of unkindness, since the thing trodden on to-day may be to-morrow in a condition to crush ourselves.

The Best Kind of Exercise.

Of all kinds of exercise walking is that which is the most universally attainable, and at the same time the best. Calling so many muscles into action, and especially those of the lower extremities, of which the circulation is apt to be more languidly and imperfectly performed, from the degree of resistance presented by the force of gravity to the return of the blood to the heart—calling, moreover, so much of the moving apparatus of the body into reciprocal and balanced action, flexor and extension muscles being correspondingly exercised—walking is undoubtedly the best of all exercises for the purposes of health; independently of its secondary, and by no means little useful effect, of carrying the respiratory organs into the freer and purer air, and exposing the system to the extraordinary, and (at least, in the colder and temperate countries of the earth) the healthful influence of the direct rays of the sun. The degree of the exercise must, of course, vary with the age, condition, and habits of the individual; but the degree of exercise that is in most cases serviceable is generally much underrated. Two miles a day is the the minimum distance which a person of moderate health and strength ought to walk. If the powers of the system increase, or are stronger to begin with, the minimum ought to be four miles. The object should be, in most cases, to walk the four miles in an hour; and the invalid, beginning perhaps by walking a mile, or a mile and a half, in an hour, might gradually increase his rate of walking, until he had accomplished this end. Quick walking calls more muscles into action than slow walking does, and is therefore better. The muscles of the back and trunk, neck and arms, are comparatively very little used in walking. A person can hardly walk quickly without using them to a very considerable degree. It is a maxim so sound and important as to deserve frequent repetition, that the greater the number of muscles used, the more advantageous will be the exercise. The majority of people are wont to think too much of the other kinds of locomotive exercise—as carriage exercise, riding on horseback, and sailing—too little of walking.—*Robinson on Diet and Regimen.*

Punch in Naples.

The theatres in Italy resounds only with patriotic hems and cries of enthusiasm. At Naples in the little theatre of San Carlino, a curious incident took place. All the actors having appeared with Italian colors, the audience observed with surprise that Punch had no cockade. Immediately violent shouts came from every corner of the hall; "The cockade, Punch, the cockade!" cried the pit.

The costume of the Neapolitan Punch resembles that of a clown. He wears loose trowsers, a shirt with full sleves, and a grey high-pointed hat. The actor who represents his character, advanced to the front of the stage, took off his mask, and saluting the audience, said, "If it is to me, John Casiti, that your appeals are addressed, I will tell you, gentlemen, that the national cockade is on my heart, (and opening his vest, he displayed an enormous tri-colored cockade,) but I thought it a profanation to put it upon the jacket of Punch." At these words, pronounced with a firm voice and incredible sincerity and frankness, frantic applauses sounded throughout the hall, and tears of emotion fell over more than one cheek. It is the first time Punch ever made his audience weep.

We find the following pretty verses in a late number of the "Dublin Nation."

"I have no joy but in thy smile,
Save in thy frown, no pain.
Come to my side a little while—
I'll never ask again,
To see thee, and thy looks to bless—
To hear thee, and thy words adore,
I never dreamed of more than this—
I'll dream of this no more.

"If I could bid my heart be still,
Of what avail were this?
'Twill never cost thine own a thrill
Of anguish or of bliss;
'Twill follow thee through life and death,
True guardian by thy side,
Yet never ask a single breath
Of fondness for its guide.

"Come to my side a little while—
I'll never ask again;
My heart is sick for one sweet smile—
Hearts should not plead in vain.
Ah, but thine eyes are filled with tears—
They do not turn away;
Thy hand—thy hand—the love of years
Has not been all astray."

FLANNEL, worn next the skin, is of great utility in a variety of cases. It gently stimulates the surface, keeps up an equal temperature, promotes perspiration, and absorbs the moisture as it is thrown out. It is useful in those who are predisposed to complaints in the chest, who easily catch cold, or who are of a consumptive tendency; it is of great benefit also to those who are rheumatic or gouty; and from the sympathy between the stomach and the skin, dyspeptic ailments are benefited by it. To some persons the irritation produced by wearing flannel next the skin is quite intolerable, and such may substitute for it chamois leather. It is unnecessary to wear the flannel during the night, as it keeps up too great a degree of warmth, and is more likely to irritate the skin from the increased sensibility of the latter during sleep. To some it may be necessary to wear flannel, covering the whole body, and having sleeves; to others, as having lumbago or stomach complaints, a broad bandage of flannel round the body will perhaps be sufficient.

A Peaceful Deputation from France to England.

The deputation of the residents was preceded by one from England. There was Joseph Sturge, with several other Friends, active, untiring ever in their zeal for wide humanity. It was curious, delightful, to see the Quaker quietude, that unresisting Christianity that, in its untired meekness, has outworn oppression, contrasted with French earnestness, French vivacity, French military. This deputation carried the resolutions of a London meeting; resolutions sympathetic, peaceful, and Christian; and Lamartine answered their solemn purpose in a high and fitting strain. Surely both nations have made some advance since the first revolution, when the thinking men of England make a voyage to France to speak the blessings of peace, and a French Minister in the midst of a sworded population denounces war as a folly and a curse. Did not the lip of the coffined Napoleon curl in scorn at this?—*Douglas Jerrold,*

REASON requires culture to expand it. It resembles the fire concealed in the flint, which only shows itself when struck with the steel.

We are all apt to undervalue common truths as if they were common-place truisms, not thankfully acknowledging the blessing, that the most precious truth is common, interwoven into the texture of thought, and involved in the very logic of speech. But these truths were not always common-place; time has been when the best of them were regarded as romance, or paradox, or heresy, or jargon—when the wise shook their heads at them, because they felt and feared them to be true.

Whenever we drink too deep of pleasure, we find a sediment at the bottom, which pollutes and embitters what we relished at first.

The Model Maid-of-all-work.

Her age is 14. Her arms are bare, and her feet slipshod. Her curls are rarely out of paper. She sports a clean apron on the Sunday, about tea-time. It is a mystery where she sleeps; some say the kitchen, in one of the large drawers; and others declare she has a turn-up bed in the hall-clock; but it is not known for positive whether she ever goes to bed at all. She has a wonderful affection for the cat. Everything that is missed, or lost, or broken, or not eaten, she gives unhesitatingly to him. She is not fond of the drawing-room, but has a good-natured partiality for the garret, who sings funny songs, and gives her occasionally an order for the play. She takes her dinner whilst washing the dishes, and never gets her breakfast till all the floors have done with the one teapot. She tries very hard to answer five bells at once, and in despair answers none. She always forgets the mustard, and prefers blowing the fire with her mouth instead of the bellows. Her hands will not bear minute inspection; and no wonder, for she is cleaning boots, or washing, or cooking dinners, all day long. She carries coals in a dustpan, hands bread on a fork, and wipes plates with her apron. She is abused by every-body, and never gets a holiday. She only knows it is Sunday by the lodgers stopping in bed later than usual, and having twice as many dinners to cook. She is never allowed to go out, excepting to fetch beer or tobacco. She hears complaints without a murmur, and listens to jokes without a smile. She gets £6 a year, and is expected to wait on about 20 persons, to do the work of five servants, to love all the children in the house, and to be honest for the money. It is not known what becomes of the Model Maid-of-all-work in her old age. It is believed, however, that she sinks into the charwoman at the age of 20. Landladies, be gentle to her!—*Punch.*

The Chinese Court.

The Emperor, in his declining years, is more and more engaged in some religious ceremony or other. When he cannot be present in person at the sacrifices, he despatches a mandarin of high rank to act as his proxy. These particulars are minutely detailed in the *Gazette*, to show the high sense which the sovereign entertains about temples and images. Taoukwang has addressed a very sensible mandate to the Board of Punishments, exhorting the members to execute strict justice, to be severe against real offenders, and never to compromise the law by partiality, or tardiness in executing its behests. The Emperor, to show his sense of the merit of the most deserving courtiers, has published a long list of his favorites. Amongst these are only four Chinese, the remainder to judge by the names, are Mantchoos, and three or four Mongols. Piechang, the former governor of Keang-nan and Keang-se, a general who nobly distinguished himself in the defence of Yarkand, against fearful odds of Usbecks, during the war in Turkistan, has at present great influence at Court, and is frequently called to the Cabinet Council. He is considered to be a straight-forward, sincere man, truly attached to Taoukwang. The Monarch recently gave him permission to ride on horseback in the imperial city, an honor granted only to a very few individuals.—*China Mail.*

Kind Words do not cost much.

They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much—1. They help one's own good nature. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. 2. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They smooth, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Paschal.*

A Piece of Family History without a Parallel.

On the 27th day of January, 1848, and in this our goodly, thriving city of Norwich, is living an aged gentleman, the progenitor of five generations, all now living. He was born on Sunday, his wife was born on Sunday, and his eldest child on Sunday; and he had a child born every day of the week, commencing with Sunday morning and ending on Saturday night. All the first born of the five successive generations were born on Sunday; all are males, and all bear the same name, and are now living. Of these the last-born is the son of the fourth or fifth (we do not know which) child of her parents. The oldest of the five generations is ninety-six years of age; the youngest is between two and three months old, so that the distance which separates the two extremes is but little less than a century.—*Exchange paper.*

Passages in the life of Ledyard the Traveller.

Mr. Beaufoy had an interview with Ledyard, just as he was setting off on his last expedition, and repeats the following passage from his conversation: "I am accustomed," said Ledyard, "to hardship. I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering. I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own, to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to the Society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honor will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds."—*Ledyard's Life.*

Laughter.

"Laugh and grow fat," is an old adage; and Sterne tells us that every time a man laughs he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher of the last century used to say that he liked not only to laugh himself, but to see laughter and hear laughter. Laughter is good for health; it is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend to digestion. Dr. Sydenham said the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants, than twenty asses loaded with medicine. Mr. Pott, a celebrated surgeon, used to say that he never saw the "Tailor riding to Brentford" without feeling better for a week afterwards.

French Fashions.

An eminent republican editor, Armand Carrel, was killed in France, some years ago in a duel. On the 2d ultimo, an assemblage of friends gathered around his tomb to do honor to his memory: and the funeral eulogy was pronounced by Emile de Girardin, editor of "*La Presse,*"—*the very man who killed him!* When he had concluded, M. de Girardin was "affectionately embraced" by the company.

An Erudite Bricklayer.

A bricklayer, who was employed by the parochial authorities of a village in the Western district, to erect, or, as it is technically termed, hang two coppers to supply the poor with soup during the severe season, sent in his bill in this form:

"The genteelmen of——dr. to John Jackson,
To hanging 2 *coopers* to make soup for the pore."—*Liverpool Albion.*

There is perhaps no consideration which more beautifully illustrates the benevolent character of the angels of God, than their rejoicing over the repentence of *one* sinner, or which more powerfully sets forth the incalculable value of a human soul, except, indeed, the amazing condescention of the Lord of Glory, in descending from the throne of his sanctuary, "to seek and to save that which was lost."

An Unusual Circumstance.

Ten or fifteen years ago, six young men, one by one, left their native county (Fayette Kentucky,) in search of a livelihood abroad. They have all met, it is said, at the present session, as members of Congress.

Your enemy is superior to your friend when he tells you of faults which your friend conceals.

From Howitt's Journal.

Sonnets....BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

I.—LOVE.

Go forth in life, oh friend, not seeking love,
A mendicant that with imploring eye
And outstretched hand asks of the passers-by
The alms his strong necessities may move,
For such poor love to pity near allied
Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait,
A supplicant whose prayer may be denied
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate;—
But thy heart's affluence lavish uncontrolled,
The largess of thy love, give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;—
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow.

II.—THE LAKE AND STAR.

The mountain lake, o'ershadowed by the hills,
May still gaze Heavenward on the Evening Star
Whose distant light its dark recesses fills,
Though boundless distance must divide them far;—
Still may the lake the star's bright image bear,
Still may the star from its blue ether-dome,
Shower down its silver beams across the gloom,
And light the wave that wanders darkly there.
Star of my life! thus do I turn to thee
Amid the shadows that above me roll,
Thus from thy distant sphere thou shinest on me,
Thus does thine image float upon my soul
Through the wide space that must our lives dissever
Far as the lake and star, ah me! forever.

III.—A REMEMBRANCE.

Night closes round me, and wild threatening forms
Clasp me with icy arms and chain me down,
And bind upon my brow a cypress crown
Dewy with tears, and Heaven frowns dark with storms;
But the one glorious memory of thee
Rises upon my path to guide and bless,
The bright SHEKINAH of the wilderness,
The Polar Star upon a trackless sea,
The beaming Pharos of the unreached shore—
It spans the clouds that gather o'er my way,
The rainbow of my life's tempestuous day
Oh blessed thought! stay with me evermore,
And shed thy lustrous beams where midnight glooms,
As fragrant lamps burned in the ancient tombs.

IV.—THE SUN AND STREAM.

As some dark stream within a cavern's breast
Flows murmuring, moaning, for the distant sun,
So ere I met thee, murmuring its unrest,
Did my life's current coldly, darkly run
And as that stream beneath the Sun's full gaze
Its separate course and life no more maintains,
But now absorbed, transfused far o'er the plains,
It floats etherialized in those warm rays,
So in the sunligut of thy fervid love,
My heart so long to Earth's dark channels given,
Now soars all pain, all ill, all doubt above,
And breathes the ether of the upper Heaven,
So thy high spirit holds and governs mine,
So is my life, my being lost in thine.

Wisdom is in the heart and not in the head; it is from the perverseness of men's dispositions, (and not their want of knowledge,) that their actions are filled with foolishness, and their lives with irregularities.

PRAYER is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the rest of our care, and the calm of our tempest.

An able writer says, "The best of civilization is to make good things cheap."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Horticulturist.

PROFITS OF FRUIT CULTURE.—Having seen in a late number of the Horticulturist, an account of a cherry tree that produced ten dollars worth of fruit in one season, permit me to give a chapter of facts on fruits, most of which are within my own personal knowledge.

MR. E. CABLE, of Cleveland, Ohio, has an orchard of an hundred cherry trees, now 22 years old. In the year 1845, his croop sold for upwards of one thousand dollars. Mr. C. manages his orchard better than any other person in the Union, so far as my knowledge extends.—The trees are planted out twenty-five feet apart, the ground kept properly enriched and cultivated, but no crop is put in.

ELISHA SWAIN, of Darby, near Philadelphia, has the remains of a cherry orchard, numbering seventy trees, mostly of the Mayduke variety. In the height of the season, his sales amount to upwards of eighty dollars per day.—Mr. S., to ensure a good crop every season, digs in a horse-cart load of manure to each tree in autumn.

HILL PENNELL, of Darby, has twenty apple trees, of the Early Redstreak and Early Queen varieties, that stand on half an acre of ground. In 1846 these trees produced three hundred bushels of fruit that sold in Philadelphia market for 75 cents per bushel, or two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the crop.

MR. PENNELL has a grape vine of the Raccoon [Fox grape] variety, that covers the tops of fourteen apple trees. It has never been pruned, but produces 75 bushes of grapes yearly, that sell for one dollar per bushel. The apple trees produce good crops of fruit, and under the trees is produced a crop of grass; thus making three crops from one lot of ground.

JAMES LAWS, of Philadelphia, has a Washington Plum tree, that produces six bushels of fruit yearly, that would sell in market for ten dollars per bushel. Five of the above plums weigh a pound.

MR. LAWS has a small vineyard of Isabella and Catawba grapes, near Chester, sixteen miles below Philadelphia, three-eights of an acre of which came into bearing in 1845. The sales amounted to three hundred dollars at eight cents per pound, or at the rate of eight hundred dollars per acre from vines only four years old.

BRINTON DARLINGTON, of West Chester, Pa., has a Catawba grape vine, that produces ten bushels of grapes yearly. This crop is worth forty dollars at market price.

JACOB STEINMENTZ, of Philadelphia, has a Blue Gage plum tree, that produces ten bushels of fruit in a season, worth in market, thirty dollars.

My friend, ELLWOOD HARVEY, Chaddsford, Pa., the present season, gathered thirteen quarts of gooseberries from one plant.

A gardner near Philadelphia, has two rows of gooseberry plants, one hundred and fifty feet long. One afternoon, he gathered with his own hands, six bushels of fruit, and the next morning sold them in Philadelphia market for twenty-four dollars.

A gentleman of Philadelphia having two apricot trees, that produced more fruit than his family could consume, concluded to send the the balance to market, and expend the money it would bring purchasing wood for the poor.

JUDGE LINE, of Carlisle, Pa., has had two Syrian apricot trees that have produced five bushels to each tree in a season. In the Philadelphia market, they would have commanded one hundred and twenty dollars, in the N. York market one hundred and forty dollars.

HUGH HATCH, of Camden, N. J., has four Tewksbury Winter Blush apple trees, that, in 1846, produced one hundred and forty market baskets of apples. Without any extra care, ninety baskets of these were on hand late in the spring of 1847, when they readily sold at one dollar per basket.

The following facts relative to fruit growing near the North river, I have never seen published. Three years ago, Mr. Charles Downing, of Newburgh, N. Y., informed me that a fruit-grower of his acquaintance in Fishkill Landing, N. Y., had gathered fifteen barrels of Lady apples from one tree, and sold them in New York for forty-five dollars. The same gentleman you speak of, in your Fruits and Fruit Trees of America, as having sent to New York sixteen hundred bushels of plums in one season, has sent to New York apricots, and received fourteen dollars per bushel for them. The above gentleman has often said, that his plum trees, which are set out about the buildings, and take up but little room, pay him more profit than the whole of his valuable farm of two hundred acres. Another fruit-grower in your neighborhood has sent four hundred bushels of Frost Gage plums to market in one season, and received twelve hundred dollars for them.

Yet, with all these facts before us, there is no full supply of any kind of fruit in the Philadelphia market, except peaches. Many farmers and gardners neglect setting out fruit trees from a natural negligence; others dislike to pay fifty cents for a fine plum tree; others again are afraid that every body will go to fruit-growing, and bring down the price to almost nothing. But we would ask, if there is any more danger of every body commencing on a large scale the culture of fruit, than there is that every body will commence the raising of onions, or the making of razor strops, or the cultivation of roses?

B. G. BOSWELL.